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club

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EDITORIAL

We're gearing up for Xmas at Raymond Towers this month, and while our colleagues are dressing girls up in Santa outfits and silly hats, we're taking a Scrooge approach to things. And that's Scrooge before he geoes all lovely. Still, if you're in the mood for Xmas, feel free to insert your own jokes about stockings, crackers, emptying Santa's sack and so forth. Us? It's 11AM and we're already on the 2nd bottle of port. Now that's the Christmas spirit... ♣

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PAUL RAYMOND
40 YEARS OF CLUB

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"SLIDE INTO ANY HOLE!"

LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V9NR or email clubint@paulraymond.com. Best letter published every month gets £50

Dear Club,
I can't get enough of my boyfriend Brett's magnificent dick, and I pride myself on my blowjob technique. Brett loves that too, of course, and is only too happy to oblige my particular kink of sucking him off in unusual places, with the added thrill of possibly being discovered!

The other night we went to our local independent cinema for one of their late night screenings. They were showing some arty French black and white flick – not a big draw, which was fine by us. It's nice in the movie house as they have sofas in the balcony area, where we were able to get off with each other. As the two of us were alone up there, we seized the opportunity to get really naughty.

As my hand stroked Brett's groin area in the dark, I discovered he'd unleashed his fabulous tool, which was lolling across one leg, twitching with a semi hard-on, ready for some expert handling. I didn't waste any time in getting to work, and teased him by slowly licking down the length of the shaft, which stiffened at my touch. He moaned softly in anticipation, while I teased a bit more by sucking on his heavy balls and stroking my hand lightly up his cock. As I tickled my tongue up his rock-hard tool, in the light from the film I could see a gleaming bead of pre-cum forming at the end of his knob. I eagerly licked this up, enjoying the salty taste and, working my tongue and fingers around the head, swiftly moved down to take the whole length of cock in my mouth. At this, Brett groaned loudly and gasped, "Yeah, you know what I like!"

I really got to work on his dick then, getting it rock hard and slippery. Needless to say, I was getting myself all worked up too, and felt my cunt dripping in anticipation. I alternated between deepthroating Brett and giving him a handjob, changing the rhythm of my strokes and direction to really get him going. In the flickering half-light I could see his fabulous hard-on standing up as straight as a flagpole and glistening with my saliva. All you could hear from that sofa was our slurping and groaning. While I was bent over his throbbing manhood doing what I do best, Brett was getting busy himself by reaching around to finger my soaking quim. "Hmmm, it's no good," he breathed, "much as I love you sucking my prick, I need some pussy!"

Giggling, I quickly slipped off my thong, and, hoisting my short skirt up around my waist, I turned around on all fours on the sofa, wiggling my bum in Brett's face. He quickly buried his face in my arse to slurp hungrily at my sweet, sopping snatch, while I rubbed my clit and moaned. He quickly got in position and with one swift thrust was balls-deep in my hungry cunt. He held it there for a moment before starting some powerful pounding, and my pussy sucked on each thrust as hungrily as my mouth had only moments before. Brett was hitting my G-spot big-time, and as he drove me on to orgasm, I was letting him (and some of the few people in the cinema audience below) know it!

The whole sofa was squeaking and creaking as I made it shake in my climactic throes, but neither of us cared. As the wet slapping of Brett's balls against my bumcheeks increased

No, say it ain't so!

SO LONG, SASHA!

Dear Club,
Well, adios Sasha. I'm sure like many readers I'm sad to see Sasha go, but can only hope that she'll come back in the future and I wish her lots of luck. She's far too beautiful and sexy not to be a model again though, so can you promise to get her back in *Club* if she strips off again? If not, at least I've got every issue she's ever been in, and a few sexy videos of her as well. I love you, Sasha!
Mark, Forfar

We got lots of letters like yours, Mark, and yes, we'll definitely have Sasha back in the future if she wants to strip off for us again. And who knows, if she wins Girl of the Year (see pages 24 and 25 for your chance to vote), she might be back for a one-off pretty quickly!

PICK NIC!

Dear Club,
I'm not sure I'm ready for you to replace the gorgeous Sasha with anyone just yet – I'm still grieving – but I definitely want to see a lot more of Nicole (*Club* 40/12). Natural, fresh and, as you said in the mag, so, so cute. The sight of that sweet pair of plump lips descending on my cock is my new fantasy – any plans to have her in again soon?
Paul K, Bradford

We thought Nicole was a knockout as well, and we'd love to have her back. The only problem is that she's so busy with her porn movie career (over 100 films and counting), that it's hard to pin her down. But we've got our scouts out for her, and the second she's got a window for us, she'll be back!

in speed and urgency, I knew he was getting close to his own climax. Then I felt Brett's cock pull out to explode hot thick cock cream all over my arse! I was still frigging myself off as he sunk back with a happy sigh of relief. But I wouldn't stop there. Being a greedy girl, I just had to suck his quivering man meat dry of the last drops of spunk and my cunt juice. Brett could hardly stand it, but as he was still hard, I sat on his dick and fucked him some more. Bucking wildly, I came all over him again, my juices covering his throbbing cock and balls. We collapsed in a heap on the sofa, basking in that dirty post-fuck feeling, which felt even nicer in that dark, public place!

"Those French movies, eh?" I whispered to Brett as I snuggled up to him.

"Yes," he replied with a chuckle, "nothing but sex, sex, sex. Why do we bother?"
Carolyn, Nottingham ♣

PHOTOS: HICKS PHOTO

MORE-GAN! ♣

Meet our new crush, Malena Morgan...

Malena Morgan may well be a new name to *Club*, but she's already a well-established lesbian star in the US. And the 'lesbian' bit is very important, because if you pester her about when she's going to do hardcore porn with men, she'll diss you hard on her twitter feed. We've learned this from experience...

She says she's now making 'proper' movies, and while we don't think she'll be the lead in the next Spielberg blockbuster, we wouldn't mind her following Sasha Grey's career path and mixing porn with a bit of mainstream fare. Although Sasha Grey did loads and loads of hardcore first. Malena, take note... ♣

MALENA

Club's Rough Guide

When he's not lying prostrate beneath a scattering of empty beer cans, at this time of year Matt Loxham can often be found watching football, admiring equine brilliance, or reminiscing, misty-eyed, about Britain's sporting triumphs over the past 12 months...

The Premier League Festive Fixtures – Various Venues – December 17th to January 4th

After seven years of Premier League dominance for the footballing powerhouses of Chelsea and Manchester United, the title race has been blown apart this season. Most of it is down to the awesome form of Manchester City, but throw in a resurgent Newcastle, an improving Tottenham Hotspur, a sputtering yet still dangerous Arsenal and a Liverpool enjoying something of a revival under manager Kenny Dalglish, and you've got the makings of what might potentially be the most open and exciting domestic campaign for ages. With this in mind, the busy festive fixture list should be of particular interest to footy fans. Featuring a glut of great matches in just over two weeks of seasonal soccerball action, the notoriously hectic Christmas programme will go a long way to shaping up the Premier League table for what is guaranteed to be a thrilling 2012 to come.

For Manchester City, it all kicks off with a cracker at home to Arsenal on the 18th December and – via a clutch of games that they'll be expected to win against the likes of West Brom and Sunderland – winds up with the Manchester upstarts returning to their Etihad stadium to take on the might of Liverpool on January 3rd.

While City will be hoping to keep the home fires burning over the Christmas campaign, in the other half of the Manchester, United will be scraping the ice from their windscreens, checking their anti-freeze, and taking to the road in the quest for Premier League points. But there'll be no early presents in the capital at Queens Park Rangers and

Fulham, and even if they do have the chance to end the year in style at home to struggling Blackburn on New Year's Eve, it'll be a tough start to 2012 for the Reds at Newcastle, from whom there'll be definitely no cups of kindness or old acquaintance forgot.

Chelsea's form has been pretty patchy by their high standards so far this season, and their yuletide slog features a tough trip to Tottenham on the 22nd December. On the flipside, they also have games at home to Wigan, Fulham and Aston Villa, meaning it could well be a merry, merry Christmas and a happy new year for John Terry and co.

At the foot of the Premier League table, however, points

could be as hard to come by as a handout from Scrooge before he goes all generous. It's a case of the nightmare before and after Christmas for Wigan, as they have the unenviable task of taking on Liverpool, Chelsea and Manchester United. Fellow strugglers Blackburn and Bolton clash on the 20th December in what will be a gritty Northern derby in the winter chill, before they face the daunting task of taking on Manchester United and Newcastle respectively.

Amidst the prospect of crap presents, noisy kids, grumpy mother-in-laws and turgid telly, footy fans can bask in the knowledge that at least there's going to be some decent matches to watch – all you have to do is get hold of the TV remote or sneak off down the pub.

King George VI Chase – Kempton Park – Boxing Day

So you've spent a load of cash on buying Christmas gifts for your loved ones, and now it's time to win the money back on the horses. I'm joking, of course, that would be a foolhardy thing to do, but surely there's no harm in sticking down a few quid on the prestigious King George VI Chase and trying to win enough cash to buy another slab of lager from Morrisons.

The legendary Desert Orchid used to be the skinted festive punter's hero in this one – the famous grey won this race four times across the late 80s and early 90s – and more recently Kauto Star was the horse on which to claw back a bit of that hefty yuletide outlay – he won the race four times consecutively between 2006 and 2009.

Unfortunately for those looking to fund the New Year's binge-drinking with a punt on a similar certainty, this year's King George is shaping up to be completely

wide open. For keen racing fans, however, it should also be a fascinating contest.

For the up-and-comers, Somersby, Alberta's Run and Captain Chris have all been touted as potential winners of this Boxing Day bonanza, although inexperience, stamina and dodgy jumping are fair criticisms that can be levelled at all three contenders.

For the veterans, after an encouraging recent gallop it looks like Kauto Star might be lining up in search of a record-breaking fifth victory, and even though he's not the horse he once was, few would want to rule out his chances of making history.

It won't be easy, however, as the horse that won both this race and the Cheltenham Gold Cup last year, Long Run – beating Kauto Star into third place on both occasions – is also reported to be heading for another tilt at King George glory.

Our tip? Put your feet up, pour yourself a glass of port, have a turkey sandwich and enjoy the race on telly.

Sports Personality of the Year – Salford – December 22nd

This year has been a real mixed bag for the British sporting fraternity. If you forget the World Cup flop and the recent one-day series in India, the England cricket team have been stunning, winning the Ashes in Australia last winter and then going on to thrash India in the summer test series to become number one in the International Cricket Council's world rankings.

Only Wales came out of the Rugby World Cup with their heads held high, several big name British athletes under-performed at the World Championships, England's footballers were businesslike in qualifying for Euro 2012, Andy Murray got 'Nadalled' again in the Grand Slams, Lewis Hamilton and Jenson Button were blown away by Sebastien Vettel, David Haye disappointed in his big fight against Wladimir Klitschko, and it doesn't even look like Audley Harrison will win *Strictly Come Dancing*. So while England's cricketers are a shoe-in for the team award, the question remains, who will be voted the Beeb's Sports Personality of the Year?

The smart money is on the cyclist and 'Manx Missile' Mark Cavendish, who recently followed up his brilliant Green Jersey win in this year's Tour De France by leading Team Great Britain to victory in Denmark in the World Championship Road Race. Second best is golfer Darren Clarke after his against all odds triumph at the British Open back in July.

Personally, however, I'll be voting for GB's Mo Farah, an incredible athlete who has worked his way through the ranks to become one of the best middle-distance runners in the world, an achievement capped when he won gold in the 5,000 metres and silver in the 10,000 at this year's World Athletics Championships. ♣

> **"The smart money is on cyclist Mark Cavendish to be the Beeb's Sports Personality of the Year"**

SCRUFF JUSTICE!

Because plasma screens are wipe clean...

RATINGS: ★ S(MEG) ★★ RENAULT MEGANE ★★★ MEGAN FOX ★★★★ MEGAN COXXX ★★★★★ MEG AND MOG

Megan Coxxx Nymphomaniac
(Harmony)

Megan Coxxx – familiar to regular readers from the pages of your ever lovin' *Club International* – headlines another Harmony cracker as she continues her inexorable rise to stardom. She might not be the bum-fucking gonzo queen of porn, but she's tall, beautiful and sucks each and every cock like it's the only one she'll ever be allowed access to – now that's a porn star! There's great support from Lexi Belle and Ashley Coda, but the defining scene here is when Megan is doused by a vast cum-splurge from Manuel Ferrara's fuckstick. That's one for the memory wank bank. ★★★★

Jail House Heat in 3D
(Digital Playground)

We haven't seen a single film that was better for being in 2D than 3D – except for *Avatar*, but that was still a load of pony – but if anything can convince us, it's porn. Yup, the idea of Jenna Haze's arse or London Keyes' boobs popping out at us will get us down to Dixons to buy a 3D telly. Although we don't want any jizz flying straight at us. Jenna's great as ever in this, there's a top notch anal scene with the very cute Madison Parker and DP throw money galore at the screen. 3 dimensions, 4 stars. ★★★★

Harder
(Adam & Eve)

Inari Vachs, at the opposite end of her career from Megan Coxxx, shows the young pretenders how to grow old disgracefully. Since her comeback, the wonderful Inari has been making MILF movies, DP's, lesbian lickathons and basically proving she's a master at it all. She blows the fading Teagan away here (she's never recovered from that boob job, we reckon), and hides Sean Michael's dick inside her with consummate ease. She'll probably call it a day again soon, but in the meantime she's proving that there really are second acts in American life. ★★★★

PHOTOS: STEVE COLBY

MIA SO HORNY!

...and Iris only has eyes for her!

Iris and Mia are so into each other that there's no distracting them from their filthy lesbian antics. We know, we tried. They didn't respond to catcalls, the blowing of kazoos, buckets of cold water and they didn't even glance up when we trooped in a bunch of midget clowns to play *Land of Hope and Glory* on recorders. No, these two aren't playing at it, so intent on making each other cum that they don't stop even when the fire alarm goes off. We're all at the assembly point, and they're still knuckle deep in each other's twat... ♣

IRIS & MIA

GIRL OF THE YEAR!

Due to popular demand (okay, three of you), *Club*'s Girl of the Year returns. Which girl who graced *Club International* in 2011 will carry off this prestigious prize? Well, that's up to you! Let us know your top 3 girls of the year, and we'll count up the votes and announce the results in the new year. You can vote with an email to **clubint@paulraymond.**com, or send a postcard or letter to: **Club International, Tri-Active Media, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR.** We'll also pick three readers at random to receive goodie bags of mags and DVDs. May the best girl/reader win!

DANIELLE

KAMI

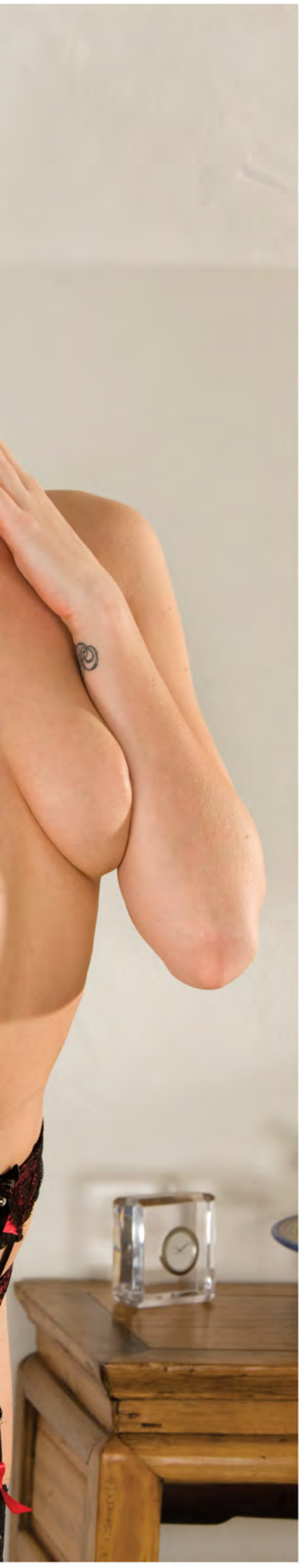
MEGAN

VICKI

PHOTOS: VLT

THINK PINK!

Danielle is ready, spready, fuck...



We don't usually get this up close to our girls nether parts, but Danielle Maye really insisted we capture her arousal.

"I was so wet during this shoot," she giggles, "it's the shoot where I've most wanted to get fucked. If it wouldn't have ruined the camera, I'd have let it get even closer."

Well, we draw the line at internal shots.

"Yeah, I suppose that would be a bit medical! But it's not my fault I get so horny during photoshoots. I had to take a break so I could bring myself off and then continue, but even then I started juicing up again!"

We can tell, Danielle. We can really, really tell... ♣

DANIELLE

club's kit bag

Give your Christmas list some heft...

Pure Move 2500

Jamo A 101 HCS 5

Etymotic MC2 Android

Jamo A 101 HCS 5

£299

www.jamo.com

With most modern LCD's and plasma TV's being slim and sleek, it makes sense for the home-cinema systems that often accompany them to lose some weight as well. But often when they do, they sacrifice their ability to do the job for which they're intended. This effort from the reliable Jamo has the looks, the speakers being only an inch or two thick, and also the sound, with real punch and a lovely woofer. Of course, you need the right kind of room for this – in a poky little semi you can get away with just turning the volume up. But if you've got room to swing several cats, this is an affordable and more than decent entry level home-cinema set-up. Obviously you'll need the right kind of wife/girlfriend for this too. It's definitely not an 'essential'.

Pros: Nice looks and sound at this price.

Cons: You spend more, you get more.

Pure Move 2500

£89.99

www.pure.com

The steam seems to have gone out of the digital radio market, and Pure's ubiquity in well-heeled homes has been carved apart by the creep of decent radio apps onto smartphones. People would seemingly rather walk from room to room with a cable dangling from their ears than turn up a stationary radio. So Pure are fighting back, basically tailoring this portable for the iPod generation. We can see the appeal for those that cane the radio – you can listen to it all day long without having to worry about a data limit. But for the casual listener, there's not enough going on here.

Pros: Sounds good, decent signal in most areas. No data limit.

Cons: Already got a phone? Here's something else to lug about.

Etymotic MC2 Android

£75

www.etymotic.com

It was recently reported that HMV are making a large proportion of their revenues from headphones, and you can barely walk down a street these days without seeing someone wearing a pair of garish Beats by Dre phones. Of course, they're trendy idiots and, like people who use the original iPod earbuds, they clearly don't care about music that much if they're prepared to use relatively shoddy phones. Or in the case of the Beats by Dre range, exceedingly overpriced average phones. The MC2's from Etymotic are in a different league at the price point – good sound, good isolation, good looks, and great with Android phones.

Pros: Excellent isolation, feel solid, nice sound.

Cons: Has some issues at top volumes. ♣

PHOTOS: VLT

BANGED UP BABE!

Cakes with files hidden inside gratefully accepted...

The more we see of Jenny, the more we realise what a loss she is to the glamour world. We've kept this set on ice for a while, and thank fuck we did, as she isn't at liberty to shoot any more at the moment. But maybe there's a glimmer of hope. We watched that *Prison Break* on TV and the main bloke in it had the plans of the prison tattooed on himself. We're hoping that Jenny's intricate thigh tattoo is a similar map and she'll soon be escaping and getting back on the straight and narrow by showing us her lovely face and bits all over again. Although, if we're pushed, we'll admit it's a long shot... ♣

JENNY

POPSHOT CULTURE!

ONCE AGAIN, FILTH-HOUND MATT SANDERS LOOKS AT ALL THE RUDE STUFF ON THE WEB AND TELLS YOU ABOUT IT. BETWEEN BOUTS OF MASTURBATION...

PORN STAR RETIREMENT HOME

Where we look back at the cock-slurpers who hung up their chaps...

No. 17 – Mary Carey

Born Mary Ellen Cook in Ohio on the 15th June, 1980, Mary Carey has had a crazy-ass career in porn and beyond. Her home life has had its ups and downs, she's been in and out of rehab, and even had a pop at politics. Mary was raised by her grandparents, as both of her parents were diagnosed with mental illness. She studied ballet as a child, and enrolled in a prestigious prep school before studying drama. Due to her grandfather's death, Mary needed extra cash at home, so took on work as an exotic dancer to help make ends meet. Inevitably, a move to LA found her falling in with the people who make porn and Mary went on to make a whole load of XXX movies, acquring an addiction to Xanax in the process. During the mid-2000s, Carey made a bid to become Lieutenant Governor of California, becoming a regular guest on Fox News, but had to pull out when her mother jumped off a building when coming off her meds. So the last few years have seen her flirt with the mainstream (a show on VH1 called *Celebrity Rehab*) and dip in and out of performing. There's no doubt Mary's all over the shop at the moment. Here's hoping she gets on the straight and narrow.

BIRD OFF THE BOIL

YOU WOULD, WOULDN'T YOU? OR WOULD YOU?

THIS MONTH: Britney Spears

She's making music again, after that whole crazy shaved-head debacle, and getting pretty lacklustre reviews for her efforts. She's not released a truly memorable tune in a good while, she sleepwalks her way through dance routines, and she's started to look just, well, like a girl that used to be fit that you're not so bothered about any more. And it shouldn't be this way – Britney's still young, she's still pretty, she just needs to put that tummy away, dress a bit more maturely, and go sophisticated. The trailer trash style is looking chavvy, she's not wearing it well. And now she's threatening a movie comeback (her words: "I see myself being a detective, assassin or even a bad girl") so there's potentially all kinds of humiliation to come. Seriously, if she asked to be your girlfriend what would you say? You'd say "no thanks", right? I know I would (right after I'd asked her if she'd be cool with me having full sex with her).

Come and follow me on Twitter: @popshotculture I want to share my nasty little world with you...

NEWS OF THE SCREWS

YOUR MONTHLY ROUND-UP OF THE BIG STORIES IN THE PORN BIZ

DWARVES DOWN UNDER

Customs in Brisbane, Australia seized two American adult films in October of this year. It would seem that the nature of the films – in that they star vertically-challenged (that's how we're saying it now, right?) people makes them taboo. Which, is a little backward-thinking. *Midget Mania* Vols 7 and 8 are the films in question, and the company who imported them, the Eros Association, says that this ruling is discriminatory to short-statured people. "One of the main hallmarks of adult films has been the fact that everyone can get a go," said Fiona Patten, CEO. "Black or white, fat or thin, short or tall, unlike Hollywood, everyone is celebrated for their own unique talents and styles." She is currently on the warpath to get Customs to rethink their prejudiced stance.

THE SKYDIVE'S THE QUIMIT

The Federal Aviation Administration ruled last month that the porn performer Voodoo (an ex-skydiving instructor) did not break the law when he took sexy pal Hope Howell for a nude and rude skydive over Kern Country, California.

The pair of them posted their video online (Google it, guys) and you can clearly see them rutting in the cockpit of the plane, and keeping the action going as they plummet to the earth. An FAA inspector did review the footage to make sure that no-one was endangered by their behaviour (there was a concern that the pilot may have been distracted) but the whole stunt was given the all-clear. We salute Voodoo for his efforts, and are very glad nothing got caught up in the ripcord. Yowch.

jizz on my twits

THE BIT ABOUT BABES WHO LOVE TO BLOG...

Despite having one of the most generic-sounding names in porn, Jenna Presley isn't a generic porn star in the slightest. She has big boobs, a slim figure and angular cheekbones... oh, wait. She is generic. Never mind. She's still pretty good fun, and keeps her followers on Twitter updated with what's going on in her life, on shoots and where you can see hardcore pictures of her. She posts pics of herself all the time, calls her fans/followers her "lovers" and chats with everyone. She's also prone to reasonably hare-brained outbursts and philosophical musings. Take a look-see:

"Getting my car washed. These guys look @ me the way my dog looks @ steak. Guess im a piece of meat, I wonder what kind of meat they think I am"

"Back home in San Diego. Had to Play w/myself since I had 3days of work with NO sex."

"Wow In my dream starbux spit in my coffee bc i got upset they were taking to long and what do ya know.. 20mmins later im waiting on my latte"

"Just finished my workout... Its now shower time. Mmmm i love rubbing soap all over my wet body ;)"

You can follow Jenna at *www.twitter.com/Jenna_Presley*, and become one of the 45,000 "lovers" out there. Go on, you shouldn't need telling twice. Off you pop.

Top Five...

Sexy Androids

Our favourite lady robots. Do you think they come with lubricant?

5: Winona Ryder in Alien Resurrection
With her cropped hair and big ol' eyes, Winona made the cutest robot in the much-maligned fourth *Alien* movie. Wouldn't mind fiddling with her circuits (and then cumming over her tits, face and bum, in that order).

4: Pris out of Blade Runner
Introducing Daryl Hannah to the world, *Blade Runner* showed us a vulnerable yet deadly gymnastics-bot who, sadly, got her robot innards blown out by Harrison's big gun.

3: The Lady Terminator
Bit of a shit entry into the *Terminator* series, the third one (*Rise of the Machines*) but it does feature the drop-dead fuckable Kristanna Loken as the killer 'droid from the future.

2: The Fembots in Austin Powers
With their tit-cannons and baby-doll dresses, the Fembots are fearsome foes, but one wiggle of Mike Myers's arse makes their heads explode. Silly, but sexy.

1: Cylon Number 6 in Battlestar Galactica
By the end of this sci-fi reboot it's doubtful a single writer had a clue as to who was a human or a robot. But all the way through, Number 6 in her tight red dress gave us a big woody, even if she was a bit evil (and not human).

PRICKIPEDIA

Special spunky edition!

Sperm banks keep their donor semen at approximately -321 degrees Fahrenheit (that's some ice cold jizz right there)

There are five calories in a teaspoon of semen (so you can let the missus know it won't go straight to her thighs)

The average speed of ejaculation is 28 miles per hour (so don't go jizzing in a 20pmh zone or you'll get a ticket)

Spunk contains more than thirty elements, including fructose, ascorbic acid, cholesterol, citric acid, lactic acid, nitrogen and vitamin B12 (which makes it sound well posh) ♣

PHOTOS: DAN GLEBALLS

BRA WARS! ♣

Dani is fighting a losing battle...

Debutant Dani has a hard time with undewear. She loves wearing sexy stuff to tease and titillate her lovers, but very few people cater to boobs that big. And when they do, they're usually beige tit-slings meant for fat grannies.

"This bra I'm wearing here is my favourite," reveals Dani. "It supports my tits, but presses them up for some nice cleavage as well. I'm all about cleavage – if you're trying to seduce a man, you're 3/4 of the way there with some ample cleavage."

What's the theory behind that? Is it do with man's childhood attachment to the breast?

"I don't care what psychologists say, I think it's simply because men want to put their cock between my tits and fuck them. And, trust me, that's I exactly what I want them to do..." ♣

INTERNATIONAL
club

DANI

READER'S GIRLFRIEND

Fancy a Reader's Girl slot? Then send a picture, along with your name, address and a contact telephone number to: Readers' Girls, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR (or email clubint@paulraymond.com). If you've got the Club look you'll get a top photo shoot and a £250 cheque, too!

NAME: Demi **AGE:** 25
FAVE SEX: Experimental
WHAT'S SHE LIKE? A real go-getter who knows what she likes.

WHY DID YOU WANT TO APPEAR IN CLUB INTERNATIONAL?
Where better to kick-start my modelling career?

WHERE BETTER INDEED? SO, DO YOU PLAN ON BEING A MODEL OR A PORN STAR?
Can't I do both? I'd like to be in magazines, because I love being photographed, but when I do porn, I don't want to do your standard DVD material.

SO WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?
I'm a big fan of quite a few kinky websites. The ones where girls do sexy things to each other – and to men – in dungeons.

SO YOU'RE THE FETISH TYPE?
I do like to try new things. Of course I like a good old fashioned fuck as much as the next girl, but life is all about new experiences, so I might go to a swingers club, or break ot the strap-on for a willing bloke.

WE THINK YOU'LL GO FAR...
Well, if I do, I'll come back to *Club* to say thanks for getting me started! ♣

DEMI

HAVE A DAY OUT WITH A TOP PHOTOGRAPHER, GET YOUR KIT OFF AND MAKE £250!

READER'S GIRL APPLICATION FORM

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

PHONE NO. _____

AGE: _____

BRA SIZE: _____

HAIR COLOUR: _____

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN A MEN'S MAG BEFORE? _____

IF SO, WHICH ONE? _____

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT CLUB? _____

PLEASE TICK IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO BE ON OUR MAILING LIST ☐

Send to: Club Readers' Girlfriends, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V 9NR

Please enclose a recent photograph of yourself, preferably nude, in underwear or a swimsuit.

Alternatively you can email your photographs and details to:
clubint@paulraymond.com

TALKIN' BLUE

Got an experience to share? Then send it in to Talkin' Blue at the usual address and if it's up to scratch you'll bag yourself £50!

SECRETARY'S LAY!

My boss Steve's such a hunk, and very well-built under that designer suit of his. As his personal assistant, I've long wanted to get even more personal with him, and recently I got the chance.

I'm a blonde, and there's only one other girl at work as sexy as me – a brunette called Jody. She's had the hots for me for a while, and, not being averse to a little girl interest from time to time, I've reciprocated her flirting every so often. All this teasing came to a head on the day Steve asked me to work late alongside Jody. She kept bending over my desk, smiling suggestively. Her tight blouse barely contained her gorgeous tits, which I just wanted to suck there and then, and her skimpy skirt revealed the edge of her panties in a deliciously tantalising way.

It's an open plan office, and no one else was around apart from Steve in his adjoining room. Not caring if Steve walked in on us or not – in fact the idea made me all the more horny – I started French kissing Jody till she moaned for more. Our hands were all over each other, and we were soon just down to our undies on top of my desk, scattering papers everywhere! Our panting and groaning must have reached Steve's office, as we heard the door open, and then silence. Stopping abruptly, we girls saw Steve watching us from his doorway, looking stern.

"So this is what you girls get up to when my back's turned?" Steve exclaimed. "Come into my office – now!" We girls looked at each other, flushed with embarrassment, then followed him in. "You'd better finish what you started," he said casually, sitting on the edge of his desk as we stood awkwardly in front of him. "Undress each other," he ordered, and as we did, I was pleased to see his dick rise to the occasion. By now I was really horny, and decided to play it up to the max.

Removing Jody's bra, I enjoyed rubbing her magnificent tits, my hands straying down to

her sopping cunt as I quickly slipped her knickers off. Leaning back against me, Jody sighed as I fingered her throbbing clit. Seeing that Steve's monumental hard-on was now straining in his trousers, I sashayed over to him and sprung his magnificent veiny rod from its prison. It was ready for action, and as I got to work on it with my eager tongue, Jody was getting to work on me! I was naked in just my heels, legs splayed wide, bent over, giving Steve's dick some great tongue action as Jody knelt down and licked my soaking pussy till I was dribbling sweet juice.

This proved too much for Steve, who'd become desperate to watch us getting into it on his desk, which we straddled each other on in a 69 position. I was already cumming over the tongue of my playmate, who herself was on the verge of a shuddering orgasm when Steve joined in. He eased his rock-hard member into my aching snatch with all the expertise I expected of him. I loved the fact he was still in his suit with his fabulous fat cock out, still shiny from my blowjob. It's so damn horny having a masterful guy in a suit fucking you while you're naked! And I knew Jody was as far gone as I was when her juices spurted into my tongue as Steve pounded me to seventh heaven.

Then it was Jody's turn for some of Steve's cock loving. With my cunt juice glistening on it, he stood at the desk and thrust his dick into Jody's soaking quim, making her gasp lustfully. She wriggled wantonly at each jerk of his hips. Me, I was still greedy for more, so I climbed over Jody and rubbed my twat in her face, leaning forward to kiss Steve while he played with my tits. Soon Jody and I sensed Steve was ready to shoot his wad, so we knelt at his feet to receive our prize – a double mouthful of glorious spunk, which shot out in thick streams into our mouths. For the final touch, we girls deep-kissed each other, mixing our respective spunkloads into one giant, creamy spitball. That was one time I didn't mind working late – although I didn't get much work done!

Hannah, Liverpool

> **"Jody knelt down and licked my soaking pussy until I was dribbling sweet juice"**

PLEASED TO MEAT YOU!

A couple of weeks ago, during the lovely summer [*news to us – Ed*], I invited two of my male friends over for a barbecue in my back garden. Mike had just got the sausages sizzling nicely when there was a mighty clap of thunder, and the heavens opened up. So he, me and Larry headed indoors for our meat feast. The thing is, we all ended up savouring a different kind of meat.

The rain had turned my T-shirt transparent, and Mike said, "Jesus, Megan, they're sweet-looking cherries you've got there!"

Not being the bashful type, I said, "Why, thank you, kind sir," and jiggled them in his face.

That's when I noticed that both Mike and Larry were in possession of jeans-ripping hard-ons, and I was overwhelmed with the urge to have a taste of them. So, cutting to the chase, I pulled my T-shirt off over my head, undid my shorts, and let them drop around my ankles. "Wow!" exclaimed Larry. "No knickers and shaved totally bare. Gorgeous!"

Smiling, I said, "Well, what're you waiting for? Come and fuck me!"

Mike was on me in a flash, and started sucking on my swollen nipples. Larry moved around the back, and slid his dick between my legs, then started dragging it back and forth along my slit, which was already slick with cunt-sap. I let the boys play for a while before motioning them to join me in the bedroom. I climbed up on the king-size bed, and adopted the doggie position, with my head hanging off the front of the bed. "You're up front, Mike, and Larry, you're rear-gunning my gash."

I parted my cunt lips so Larry could see

how pink and wet I was. Then I started sliding two fingers inside my stickiness. It felt awesome, but not as awesome as I knew it would feel with my mates simultaneously banging me with their dicks. I wanted their cocks slamming away inside me till I screamed in ecstasy. "Go for it, Larry!" I screamed. "I want to feel every inch of that thick, hard, throbbing man-meat of yours balls-deep in my chute!"

I closed my eyes, and seconds later he was inside me. "Hold it until I get Mike's cock in my mouth," I said. "Then when I slap my arsecheeks, drill me like you're trying to hit oil!"

He hit the target in one, and when his balls made contact with my cunt lips, I grabbed Mike's meat and jammed it in my mouth. A warm sensation started flooding my lower regions. Having given Mike's bone a couple of sucks, I slapped my arse. Larry reacted to my signal by sliding his cock until just the tip was inside me, then slamming forward as hard as he could. Then he started pounding me relentlessly, as though he was eager to drown my snatch with his cock custard.

I reached around Mike and grabbed his arse, pulling him deeper down my throat. I prefer to have a cock wedged in my mouth rather than bobbing up and down on it. Having strong jaw muscles, I can drain a bloke's balls in under two minutes when I get to work on blowing him. I sucked my cheeks in hard, and Mike started to tremble. Suddenly, Larry started pumping me faster and harder. I knew the guys' actions meant that I'd soon be getting a double helping of salty cock cream.

Now call me a crazy slut, but I decided that rather than have Mike and Larry's spunk inside me, I'd rather they coated my face and tits with the thick white stuff. So, to Mike's initial dismay, I pulled his dick from my mouth and said, "You stop fucking me too, Larry – and the pair of you get on your knees, side by side."

"Her lips slid all the way down my shaft until my cock was lodged in her throat"

When they were in position I lay on my back, with my upper body below the level of the guys' cocks. I told them, "Now wank off and splatter me from head to tits in your glorious jizz!"

As they stroked their meat, I slammed a huge dildo in and out of my dripping wet snatch. The three of us were grunting and groaning like stuck pigs when Mike suddenly announced, "I'm going to blow!"

He did, and as his spunk slopped hard across my face and mouth, Larry unloaded his on my jiggling jugs. At that very instant I screamed, "Yesss!" my body shaking uncontrollably as my orgasm hit. Yep, come rain or shine, you can't beat a good spit-roast!

Evie, Watford

BLOWN AWAY!

"Suck it – suck it hard!" I gasped as I watched the way her pouty lips molded to the contours of my shaft. She, the blowjob babe in question, being Emily, a horny blonde I'd met and got off with at a party the previous weekend.

This was our first proper date, and I'd spent the earlier part of the evening transfixed by the shape of her mouth. I'd barely listened to a word she'd said as I obsessed about those full lips sliding up and down my knob. I wanted to grab her and kiss her full on the mouth. And later, when our tongues were eventually entwining like lusty serpents, Emily adroitly unleashed the snake god itself. She rubbed my pole like it was a magic totem.

"Know what I'd like to do right now? I'd like to suck you off," she purred like, before

sliding beneath the table and releasing my coiled viper into her hungry maw. We were in a relatively private booth of a swanky bar, but even on a quiet Wednesday night I didn't think my grunts of pleasure would go unnoticed for long, so I suggested we continue over at my flat.

"Still want to suck me off?" I asked.

"I want to suck your fucking brains out," she hissed back. Sitting back on the sofa I saw what a nubile girl Emily really was as she swayed her hips in time to the background music. We both knew that we were going to fuck, a fact made all the more imminent when Emily reached up beneath her short denim skirt to peel off her pants. I lounged like a horny lizard as Emily straddled my lap, her curvy arse gyrating on my dick.

"Lick my tits," Emily moaned, as her full tits tumbled out of her bra into my face. My hard-on was straining against my fly, which was being dampened by her bare fanny. Then Emily slid down onto the floor.

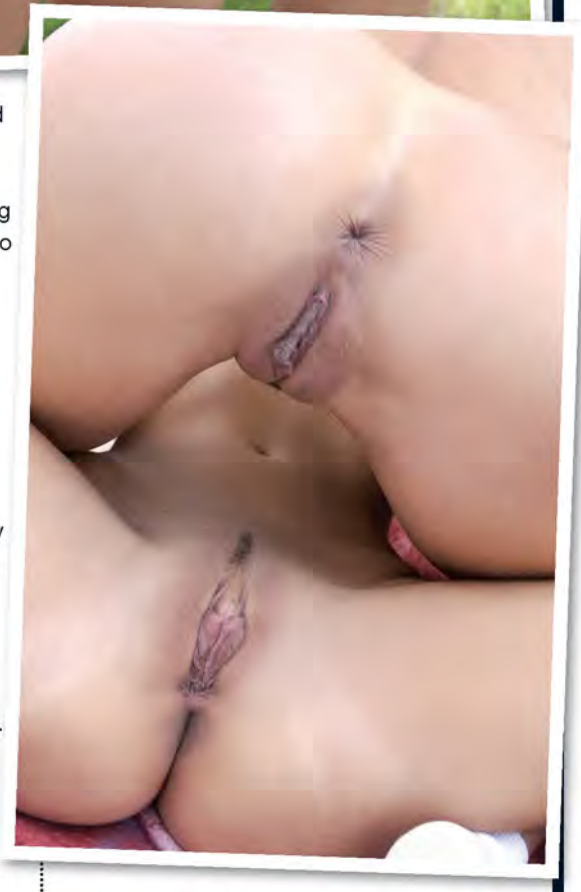
Kneeling between my splayed legs, she inched down my fly with her teeth, her fingers deftly unfastening my belt, before tugging down my jeans. Looking me straight in the eye, she mouthed my stiffy through the fabric of my boxers. The anticipation was ball-busting. Then, finally, her hand lifted my engorged monster up to her pert lips, and I watched them part as she retracted my foreskin. I could feel her hot breath on my helmet.

"Kiss it," I panted as the tip of her tongue circled the rim of my bulb. Then her lips slid over it, and I felt her tongue flicking my frenulum. "That's it, suck it, baby…" I pleaded, somewhat unnecessarily. Gripping the base of my cock, Emily fed my meat into her dirty mouth. Her lips slid all the way down my veined shaft until my cock-head was lodged in the back of her throat. I ran my fingers through her hair and held her down for a few seconds, her face buried in my pubes. Then she bobbed her head up again.

"Mmm, I love doing deep-throat," she gurgled, then giggled, before spitting on my dick and going back down on it. I'd struck gold here! Clearly, this girl knew that cultivating excellent oral skills always pays dividends.

I was harder than I could ever have imagined, and I craved a taste of her pussy. And here it came! With me now flat on my back, Emily lowered herself onto my face. While I thumbed her clit, my tongue lapping her sticky snatch, Emily gobbled my salami with gusto. As her head bobbed up and down, I could feel the suction of her crammed mouth. "Oh shit, slower, slower…" I whimpered into her creamy clam.

Realising I was on the brink of shooting my load, Emily pulled her face off my dick, and turned around to face me. "I want you inside me, I want you to fuck my pussy…" she said, then grabbed my dick, and guided it towards her swollen twat. Straddling me cowgirl-style, she lowered herself down on my spearhead until it had sunk deep into her cunt, like a hand in a glove.



Emily rode me like a wild animal until her orgasm overwhelmed her. Teeth gritted, my balls contracted tight up my shaft, I knew what had to be done. I whipped my prick out of Aurora's quim, backed up a little, and stuffed my glistening tool back into her trembling mouth.

"That's it babe, suck it, take it all, swallow it down…" I mumbled as thick wads of my spunk splattered her tonsils and she gobbled it down. Job done!

Russell, Bolton ♣

COMPETITION

WIN An Apple Hamper!!!

TO BE IN WITH A CHANCE OF WINNING THIS AMAZING PRIZE, ANSWER THE QUESTION BELOW...

Which of the following fruits would you commonly associate with all of the products in our competition hamper?

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PEACH

ORANGE

The prize includes 1 Apple MacBook laptop, 1 iPad 2 and the new Apple iPhone 4S. Hamper not included!

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Text Your Answer To: 69119

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Texts will cost £1.50 plus standard network charges. Participants must have the bill payers permission. By using this service, you may also receive great offers on other products. If you do not wish to receive these offers simply email us at comps@lovecompetitions.co.uk with the word STOP in the subject line. Sending the correct answer to the service does not guarantee that the participant will win the prize advertised, but you will still still receive the code to unlock your free XXX movie clip at paulraymond.com. All correct answers will be entered into the prize draw to win the prize advertised. THE COMPETITION CLOSES at 11.59pm on 31/12/2011 entrants after this date will be charged but will not be entered into the prize draw. Customer services, 020 7324 9907 (lines open Monday to Friday 10am-5pm). Service provided by Tri Active Media LTD, PO BOX 62671, London, EC1V 9WE. Please see www.lovecompetitions.co.uk for full terms and conditions. This competition is running concurrently over a series of magazines (log on to lovecompetitions for a full list) and there is only 1 main prize. Log on to www.lovecompetitions.com for full prize specifications. The winner will be informed via SMS and a telephone call to the mobile number (MSISDN) that entered the competition.

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Maniac Cop

(Arrow Video, Blu-ray £27.99)

The inevitable sequels to this schlocky but enjoyable 1988 film may well prove the law of diminishing returns, but there was enough talent thrown at the original to make it stick. William Lustig directs a script written by Larry Cohen (responsible for the classic *Q: The Winged Serpent*), and the B-movie cast includes Tom Atkins, Bruce Campbell and Richard Roundtree. The title tells you most of the plot, as a psycho in police uniform goes on a murder spree, leaving a trail of gore behind him. The effects stand up pretty well, the performances are the right side of ripe and Arrow rarely stint on the extras, so there's plenty for real fans to sink their teeth into.

★★★★

Arrow Video have kindly given us three Blu-ray copies of Maniac Cop. To win one, simply email clubint@paulraymond.com with 'Maniac Cop' in the subject field, or write to the usual address.

Tour of Duty – The Complete First Season

(Fabulous Films, DVD £49.99)

First things first – do not come to *Tour of Duty* expecting a *Band of Brothers* style big budget warfest. But if you come expecting a surprisingly deep and engaging drama with tremendous performances and a kick-ass soundtrack, you'll leave happy. *Tour of Duty* ran for 3 series in the late 80's, and the 21 episodes collected here introduce you to the platoon as they embark on their tour of duty in Vietnam. It isn't gung-ho stuff, but realistic, as the soldiers fight not only the Vietcong, but public opinion as well. Main characters die frequently, new ones are introduced and it's hard not to be swept along by the fantastic music. *Tour of Duty* was ahead of its time, and still stands up in today's golden age of TV drama. ★★★★

Rare Exports

(Icon Home Entertainment, DVD £9.99)

If you're sick of the saccharine dreck that routinely passes for 'Christmas Films', then *Rare Exports* is a snowy blast of fresh air. Helmed by directorial debutant Jaimari Helander, this is a Finnish spin on the Santa Claus myth, but one that involves dead reindeer, a burial mound and a Father Christmas who punishes rather than rewards children. It's one part John Carpenter and two parts Joe Dante, harking back to exciting feel-bad Yuletide movies like *Gremlins*. Whether you like subtitled films or not, this is ten times better than whatever seasonal atrocity Tim Allen is currently 'starring' in.

★★★★

book club

Xmas Special!

Mapping The Universe

Paul Murdin (Carlton Books, £30)

This and *Britain's Secret War* (also reviewed on these pages) may just be our favourite 'Carlton Books with facsimile items' yet. Author Paul Murdin is a dab hand at turning the complexities of astronomy into highly readable prose, perfect for the layman, and it helps that he's telling a truly fascinating tale that takes in Galileo, Hershel, the development of telescopes and what we don't yet know.

Best of Victor Book for Boys

(Prion, £12.99)

Weekly war comics are largely a thing of the past, but the childhood of the *Club International* staff were spent poring over *The Victor* in school playgrounds. This 'Best Of' is a nostalgic treat, allowing us to catch up with Alf Tupper, Gorgeous Gus and Sniper Dennison among much-loved others. Packed with plucky Brits and German's shouting 'Aieee', it's the perfect gift for the going-on 40-something in us all.

Moto GP – Yesterday & Today

Michael Scott (Carlton Books, £20)

Moto GP continues to grow in popular appeal, helped in no small part by charismatic riders like Valentino Rossi. This excellent book allows the reader to compare and contrast with the past as it looks back at some 60 years of the premier motorbike tournament. Surprisingly, the rider's gear seems to have changed more than the bikes, which while undoubtedly faster these days, aren't that much slicker than the brilliant oldies.

UEFA Champions League Treasures

Kier Radnedge (Carlton Books, £30)

If your stocking is strong enough, try adding this to your Xmas list – an officially licensed history and guide to the Champions League, that charts it from when it was the simple European Cup. Of course, many were sceptical about the appeal of playing European football back then, but this book amply demonstrates its rise to the stage where it's the most riveting show in town, and home to the most eagerly anticipated clashes in world football.

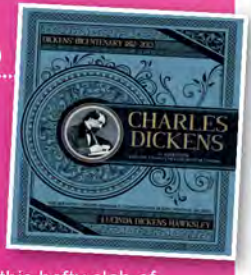
The Great Global Treasure Hunt on Google Earth

(Carlton Books, £9.99)

Worry not, couch potatoes. This global treasure hunt does not require you to leave the comforts of the arse groove you have worn into your sofa. No, the 50,000 Euro prize (if the Euro still exists by the time you read this) can be won entirely by powering up your PC or iPad and browsing Google Earth. It's no virtual walk in the park, however, as it's fiendishly difficult and more than reminiscent of Kit William's famous 1979 treasure hunt book *Masquerade*, only for the digital age.

Charles Dickens

Lucinda Dickens Hawksley (Andre Deutsch, £30)



Such is the plethora of books published about Dickens in 2011, that you'd think the celebrations of his bicentenary had been brought forward a year. The bookshelves of Dickens fans must be groaning under the weight, and it can only get worse in 2012. Written by his great-great-great granddaughter, this hefty slab of research and memorabilia is a fireside treat. Even if you're familiar with his story from the biographies of Forster, Ackroyd, Tomalin and others, the reproductions from the Dickens archive are reason enough to add this to your Xmas list.

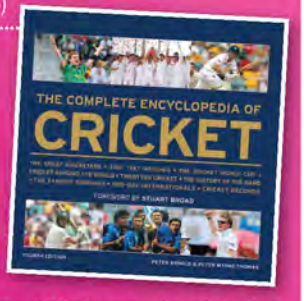
Britain's Secret War 1939-45

Michael Smith (Andre Deutsch, £30)

World War Two has seemingly endless fascination for the British public, but it's only recently that the activities of our spies have been opened up for scrutiny. Many will already be familiar with Bletchley Park and the Enigma codes, but this book by former intelligence officer Michael Smith goes further. We learn of the direct impact espionage had on WW2, why Rudolf Hess flew to Britain and how we even employed magicians and astrologers in the war effort. The facsimile items included are equally brilliant, ranging from decrypted German messages to a letter from Ian Fleming to the Chief of Naval Intelligence. Enthralling.

The Complete Encyclopaedia of Cricket

Peter Wynne-Thomas (Carlton Books, £25)



Wisden might be bit dry and unwieldy for many cricket fans – even the most obsessive of us sometimes balk at its bulk – so this effort might be just what you need to sate your desire for stats and facts.

It's a handy guide to the history of cricket, but also takes in recent developments like Twenty20 and The World Cup. There are short profiles of some 230 players, the cricketing nations and the results of every team against every other. Have this to hand for that next Ashes series... ♣

The PORNOGRAPHIC BRIT AWARDS 2011

By DJ Radio Jamaica

It's that time of year when all the record company bosses are fingering each other's arses and hoping that their artists have come up top trumps at the Pornographic BRIT Awards. Will it be Justin Bieber? Will it be Olly Murs? Will it be Maroon 5? Will it fuck!

Best Band

THE WOMBATS

This Modern Glitch was a 6-1 win at Old Trafford and had more singles than Man City have strikers. *Techno Fan, Our Perfect Disease,* and *1996* were fat lines of class A indie perfection and provided a decent soundtrack to get off your tits to. Well done to the scousers – if only their football teams were scoring just as well.

Best Mayhem

BEATHERDER

The musical highlight of 2011 has to be Beatherder – the best kept secret in the north of England. Mylo, Simian Mobile Disco, and Leftfield kept the party rocking from start to finish along with a few farmers supplying generous quantities of plant fertiliser. There were nice warm showers to have a wank in and lots of friendly girls to have a wank on – we can't wait till next year.

Best Tune

PITBULL Give Me Everything

Yes, it was popular with the chav brigade but to be fair it was popular with everyone – doctors, office workers, drama students, sign writers, vets, primary school teachers, stuntmen, bin men – even the bloody milkman had this as his ring tone. As catchy as AIDS in Botswana, old Pitbull did a mighty fine job of filling dance floors in 2011. Of course, he'll now be playing this to ever-decreasing crowds for the rest of his natural.

Best News

STONE ROSES @ HEATON PARK

It was always going to happen because there was too much cash to be made but who would have thought that the greatest band of all time would be playing in a park in Manchester near the M66 turn off next June? This could prove to be the highlight of the decade for many of those in attendance but no one will smile wider than the enterprising ticket touts who have recently bought time shares in Barbados with their generous profit margins.

Best 4 Day Session

LEEDS FESTIVAL

Another brilliant bender from the Leeds crew. This year, the pills were much more expensive (£7.50 each) but boy were they worth it.

Fuckin' a scouser in wellies in a portaloo was a big bonus as was smuggling lager into the Silent Disco. But the real treats were the camp site DJs at 4am every morning which seemed to be magnets for horny and not particularly fussy loved up young ladies. Heaven.

Best Gig

GLASVEGAS @ BOLTON SOUNDHOUSE

This gig was up there with Oasis at Maine Road and the Stone Roses at Wembley back in 95 – it was pure and utter class. Lead singer Rab Allan stepped off a coach wearing all white Elvis gear, walked past 30 odd people in the smoking area, said "hello", then jumped onstage and performed classics old and new to a very happy crowd. Apart from the crap beer on sale, this was a near perfect night.

Best Website

EBAY

Sod all the usual sites – the best website in music is Ebay – primarily for making hard currency. The Stone Roses tickets have been shifting for £350 a pop, meaning that those lucky enough to get 4 at face value are set to make a smooth £1000. Mike Skinner was definitely incorrect when he once proclaimed, "A grand don't come for free."

Best Comeback

PULP @ LEEDS & READING

Comebacks can be hit and miss, but Jarvis did not disappoint and came back with a massive bang – literally every female at the festival wanted to climb into his tent and sit on his face the raggy bugger. The kids went bonkers and everyone involved had a jolly good time.

Best School Reunion

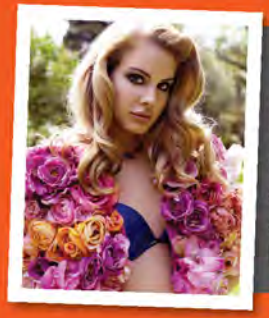
CARTER USM

Every year, Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine sell out the Manchester Academy and Brixton Academy. You always bump into somebody from school and end up having a bit of a catch up. This year, I bumped into a lass that I haven't seen since I got caught fingering her in the science labs in '95. Needless to say, we carried on from where we left off.

2012's Young Whipper Snappers

Watch these little fuckers storm the dance floors in 2012...

Foster The People – That *Pumped Up Kicks* tune was a good listen – especially when your girlfriend was sat on your cock.



Lana del Rey – don't worry about her music – just get a picture of her and have a nice big wank.

Rizzle Kicks – Cheeky pop and hip-hop will guarantee that you'll have a nice steady flow of moist chavs moving through your bedroom.

ON THE GAME

Saints Row The Third

(THQ)

PS3, Xbox 360, PC

★★★★

Saints Row has long existed in the shadow of *Grand Theft Auto*, and has often come across as its cheeky younger brother – not as accomplished, a little derivative, a little less focussed. But this third game launches on its own terms, not going up against the heavyweight, and it's all the better for the breathing space. What's unique about it is just how crazy it can get – things get violent, ridiculous or sexy with breathtaking speed.

One second you're in a fight where you can call in an airstrike, the next you're wielding a dildo to beat someone to death. Packed with memorably skewed characters, this is the *Saints Row* game that finally steps out from the shadows and strikes a unique niche on its own terms.

Lord of the Rings: War in the North

(Warner Bros. Interactive Entertainment)

Xbox 360, PS3, PC

★★★

When the film trilogy was busting open the box office, you couldn't move for spin-off games, most of them pretty average. This action RPG outstrips them all, even if it's not the perfect LOTR experience fans might have been waiting for. The downside? The elf, dwarf and ranger characters who fight together throughout are sketchily drawn – character comes a distant second to combat, which makes caring hard. The upside? Great action from start to finish in an immersive Middle Earth setting, and good online co-op. It feels like part of the Tolkien canon while taking it in new directions.

The Legend of Zelda: Skyward Sword

(Nintendo)

Wii

★★★★★

With Nintendo recently reporting an operating loss, how better to drag themselves out of the mire than with another kick-ass Zelda game? Our Wii has gone a bit dusty recently, but it was a treat to clean it off and fire this up, a game that not only harks back to classic Zelda games of the past, but strikes on into new territory as well. It gets plenty out of the Wii's creaking graphics, and will have you waving your Wii Remote Plus and Nunchuk's like a lunatic. It's deep, fun, and while Link remains a cipher of a character, his adventures are as awesome as ever. Take a month off for Xmas and just play this.

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PEACHES

The place to be for the world's dirtiest backdoor sex stories, where every girl gets a bum deal...

AIRTIGHT!

My mate Michelle and I are a couple of sex mad 18-year-old students. We both have long blonde hair and slim but busty figures. We worship big hard spunk-filled cocks, preferably of grown men rather than boys our own age as older guys have a better idea of what a couple of filthy girls like us want out of sex. I thought *Club* might want to hear about the good hard fucking we got the other week, which involved a bit of kinky action.

We'd finished college early and when we arrived back at our flat we found our neighbour, Michael, and a gang of his hunky mates playing football in the garden. When the lads spotted Michelle and I in our tight clothes and short black skirts they eyed us up and down. "I bet they want to fuck us Michelle," I whispered, "shall we give them what they want?"

We'd both been in a horny as fuck mood all day so we made our way over to the men and got chatting to them. Eventually we were invited into the flat and Michael welcomes us into his living room. The blokes could hardly keep their eyes off our tits, which threatened to burst out of our blouses. As they ogled us Michelle and I could clearly see their cocks getting hard inside their trousers.

I smiled and winked at Michelle. "Get your cocks out lads," she said, "Donna and I want to play with them." I think the men were a bit stunned by what was going on but they all began to slowly strip off. Michelle and I each removed each other's blouse and began to knead and caress our tits, gently pulling and rubbing each other's hard pink nipples. We pulled off our mini-skirts and skimpy panties and slipped a hand between each other's legs. We both moaned in pleasure as we fingered our shaven pussy holes and stroked our sensitive little clits.

By this time all of the men were totally naked and were stroking their gorgeous hard cocks as they watched me and Michelle moan and writhe, bringing ourselves to a wet, sticky orgasm. After we'd climaxed we smiled excitedly at each other as we eyed the collection of hot, swollen cocks in front of us. Michael, obviously guessing we were total sluts, thought he'd up the stakes a little bit. "How would you like to make this a bit more interesting, girls?" he asked. "We're game for pretty much anything," I replied. He walked out of the room, his cock bobbing in front of him and returned a minute or so later with a couple of big, black dildos, some cord and a big grin.

He moved behind Michelle and I and bound our hands behind our backs. Then he worked the dildos into our wet cunts, making us squeal with delight. "We're going to fill all your holes," he informed us, "but first we want some hands-free blowjobs." We didn't hesitate. We ended up on our backs, the dildos still inside us, with guys knelt astride us, feeding us their cocks. We sucked them off, and they fucked our open mouths, dictating the pace as our hands were tied. One guy had a particularly long cock and every now and then I'd gag on his length, but he just kept on thrusting in and out. He pulled out and put his balls near my mouth and I licked eagerly at them, sucking on them in turn. They all looked happy as Larry as Michelle and I swallowed their cocks to the hilt. Whilst this happened a couple of the lads took the dildos out of our cunts and slowly eased them into our tight arseholes. "We're going to fuck you in the arse later, so we'd better get you warmed up."

With that Michael slid his prick into my fanny and one of the other lads started to fuck Michelle. The guys fucking our mouths lost control at this point and shot their hot, creamy cum over our tongues. As a huge wad of jizz slipped down my throat I looked over at Michelle who was also drinking down a full load of spunk. She looked like the cat who'd got the cream. The blokes rolled us over and pulled the dildos from

> **“Deep-throating cock whilst being taken up the arse, dildos wedged in our fannies”**

our arses, only to put them back in our cunts. I felt a cock slowly entering my arse and groaned in pleasure, my face in the carpet as my hands were tied.

As I was fucked in the arse one of the other guys sat in front of me, lifted my head and rubbed his cock against my spunk-spattered lips. I heard Michelle give a big, loud sigh as a cock was eased into her tight bum and I bit my lip as my ring was stretched to its limits by pounding meat.

For a good few minutes they fucked our bumholes, pulling us back hard onto them so that their cocks went as deep as possible inside us. Their balls bounced against our bumcheeks as they pumped away in unison. This was the ultimate dream for Michelle and I – deep-throating cock whilst being taken up the arse, thick dildos wedged firmly in our fannies. Eventually the guys screwing our arses yelled that they were going to cum. They withdrew as their hot cream splashed all over our bums and backs, then the men we were sucking off pulled out and wanked their gooey jizz all over our faces and tits. Michelle and I bloody loved it. Licking the cum from their cocks as they softened and then making them hard again, letting them slowly grow in our greedy mouths.

All of us kept on sucking and fucking for hours, but they always kept our hands tied and always used the dildos on us. Michelle and I were fucked in every hole in every position until we were sore and, to end with, me and Michelle put on a red-hot lezzie show for them while they strained to drain more cum from their by now empty balls.

What a session – completely filthy and absolutely fucking sensational. Michelle has bet me a tenner *Club* won't print this letter. Please help make me a little bit richer.

Donna, London

ORGY PORGY

Simon, my boyfriend, is always talking about how we should be a bit more adventurous in bed, but the lazy bastard never does anything about it. He even gets me to go out to buy porn for him, if you can believe it. Anyway, I know a few people who go to certain clubs and get up to some sex stuff most weekends, so without telling Simon I invited a few of them over last Friday, two guys and another girl. The two guys, Martin and Jimmy, I knew from school and were always pretty wild, and the girl, Polly, I work with. She's five foot ten with long blonde hair, and must've shagged half the guys in the office by now, so I knew she'd definitely be up for it.

They all arrived together in a taxi and brought a bottle of tequila with them, which we then proceeded to down as fast as we could in slammers. The atmosphere was just right, so I leaned over and gave Polly a peck on the cheek, she leant right back over and gave me a full-on snog, surprising me as much as Simon, who by now was beginning to understand what was afoot. I was wearing a flimsy little summer dress, and Polly already had her hand up it, testing my panties for

“My arse spread for him and inch by inch he penetrated me until he was deep”

wetness and finding them very damp, I think.

“Alright girls!” shouts Martin, “don’t get carried away quite yet, there’s 3 blokes here, if you haven’t noticed.” Well, that was all the invitation Polly needed and she was across the room like a shot, lying down on the other sofa, splayed between Martin and Jimmy.

“Watch this,” I said to my man, and we got comfy for our personal sex show. Polly had her legs spread wide, showing her white cotton panties, which Jimmy was probing with his fingers, hitching her skirt right up. Martin had pulled the straps down on her vest top and she wasn’t wearing a bra, so he dived in, sucking one tit and groping the other.

Me and Simon were getting pretty turned on at this and I noticed his hand had started to wander up my leg. He needn’t have been so sneaky, I was feeling horny as hell and desperate for some attention downstairs. I led his hand to the right area and I think he was surprised to see how wet I was. I pushed two of his fingers in easily and then asked him to stretch another one in, which he did with great relish. He started finger fucking me absently, as we were both engrossed in what was happening across the room.

Polly straightened her legs out and pulled her knickers down, proudly displaying her neatly trimmed pubes and glistening pussy lips. She was offering it out to all comers. Jimmy was the first to accept, getting down on his knees and giving her a good plating. She was moaning and her legs were shaking and I heard her whisper, “in my mouth, in my mouth,” at which point Martin took his jeans off and offered his dick to her. She grabbed his buttocks and pulled his cock into her mouth, taking the whole length with a slurping sound. ‘The dirty slut’, I thought to myself and started giving Simon a little head, but as it felt that he was about to cum straight away I slowed down, then bent myself over the sofa and presented my pert arse to him.

I was dying to be fucked and as he forced his meat in from behind I was getting even hornier watching what was happening to Polly. She was getting a severe spit-roasting on the floor, doggy style, with Martin shunting her from behind, whilst Jimmy was on the receiving end of one of her famous blowjobs. The look on his face was unmistakable, she definitely knew how to suck a cock.

I turned to Simon and told him to jizz all over me, and started to stroke his balls as his thrusts sped up. I know this excites him and I couldn’t wait to feel him climax. He started going really fast, making a loud slapping noise on my arse and causing the other three to look up at us. Just then he let out a grunt, slid his cock out of my pussy and started to cum all over my back and arse. I love that feeling when the hot jizz lands on you, and you get to rub it all in. I felt it slide down my arse crack and I opened my pussy lips, letting it all mingle with the juices amongst my pubes.

Polly was just about to drain the other two guys but I wanted to get there first, so we swapped places, and I told her to get Simon hard again for me. Martin and Jimmy were hot and sweaty by then, and welcomed a new arrival to degrade between them, but I wanted more than a spit-roast.

I started to ride Jimmy first, getting on top of him and pinning him to the floor, then

I leant forward and opened my buttocks, inviting Martin to fuck my arse off. He didn't seem shocked at all and crouched down behind me, getting in position. I felt his finger up me first of all, loosening my hole, then I felt his cock nudge against me, gently at first, then more forcibly. My arse slowly spread for him, and inch by inch he penetrated me until he'd gone as far as he could go – he was more or less balls deep inside me. Jimmy was still pounding my pussy and I felt for the first time what it was like to be fucked in both holes. I got myself into a rhythm so that both cocks went fully in at the same time.

I think Martin came first, filling my arse with a hell of a lot of spunk, then I came, jerking hard on the cock underneath me, which finally made Jimmy cum, squirting himself deep into my pussy, leaving me exhausted, satisfied and full of hot jizz. Simon had just shot his second load into Polly and gave me a very grateful look. Of course, we were only just getting started – I wanted all of them in my arse before the fun was over…

Jane, Bucks ♣

Got a tale to contribute to Club's arse archive?

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PHOTOS: SCOTT WARD

PETIT FEEL-UP!

Good things come in small packages...

It's been a while since the pint-sized bundle of fun that is Marketa appeared in *Club*, so what has she been up to?

"I got married," she reveals, "and then I got divorced. I quickly realised that life wasn't for me. I like the free and easy life where I can pick and choose who I sleep with – being married is too frustrating!"

So are you making the most of it?

"That's the thing. I've been on a dry streak ever since I got my divorce. This is the longest I've gone without a dick inside me. Maybe you can arrange for the *Club* readers to help me out..." ♣

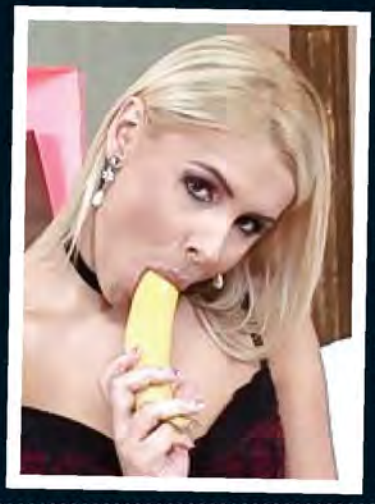
MARKETA

What our well-placed moles are telling us this month...

DOWN THE WIRE

RIGHT TO A PEEL!

The Finnish, who we can't but imagine sat in log cabins eating puffins, aren't often in the news. We're not saying they're boring, but they like to keep their heads down and their noses clean. But they've come to attention for a misguided attempt to – we shit you not – 'stop women eating too provocatively in the workplace'. Lawyers released a video of a woman in an office licking a banana in front of colleagues, a practice we've only ever seen in particularly corny 80's porn films. Considering Wikipedia lists traditional Finnish dishes such as Kaalikaaryleet (cabbage rolls) and Hernekitto (peasoup), we don't think this is a pressing issue.



CASUALTIES OF PHWOAR!

We've been to Sweden and can confirm that, although the girls aren't quite as flaxen haired and voluptuous as the Swedish porn stars of our youth, they are quite wholesome looking and sexy. And the progressive Swedes are doing their bit for their lovely ladies by announcing that female soldiers will, in future, be given bras as part of their standard military equipment. Previously, they had to supply their own. Of course, it's all by the by as the Swedes are a right bunch of war-shy neutrabots, so the chances of a bit of tit popping out of a female soldier's bra as she guns down a future-nazi are slim.

FLY GIRLS!

Flying with Ryanair is a deceptively expensive chore, and their Chief Executive Michael O' Leary perhaps the most charmless man in the entire aviation industry, which is hardly charm central. But are they to be applauded for their decision to launch a sexy charity calendar called The Girls of Ryanair? Well, to a degree. The cabin crew that make up the 12 months of the year weirdly seem a cut above the ponks who gouge us for overpriced beer when we fly with Ryanair to an airport in the approximate geographical region we've booked to go to. And who wants a Ryanair calendar on their wall? Also, you can't see their fannies.

Just sayin'…

BANK DEPOSIT!

Florida, USA, populated entirely by sweating tourists, crocodiles and pastel-wearing pensioners in god's waiting room, was the scene of an unnamed 67-year-old man's wet protest against his bank. The RBC Bank in Palm Coast has a drive through window (only in America etc.) and the gentleman did a number one all over a bank tube at it.

The customer behind him then picked it up and got a wet, sticky hand for his trouble. The culprit has been charged by the police, and could yet face a short jail term, but the bank responded by closing his account and giving him all his money back. Insert topical joke about bank bailouts and 'pissing our money away' at your own leisure. ♣

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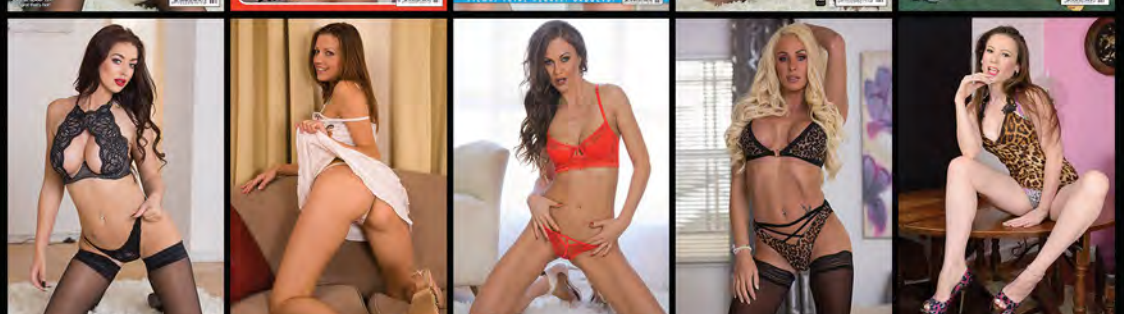

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